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# THE GUIDING LIGHT

JAMES D. MILLER



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# The Guiding Light



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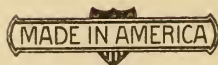
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*Dedicated To*

*MY DARLING MOTHER*

*And to Faithful Friends, Both Spirit and  
Mortal, who Have Done so Much  
To Build up my Physical and  
Intellectual Systems*



## P R E F A C E

This book has been written in my own words, no large words or literary phrases has been injected into it. The limitation of my education has endowed me with but a small vocabulary where with to clothe many great thoughts that have welled up in my mind. Not a line in this book has been written or recorded from "hearsay," not a fact is given that I do not know to be true; from beginning to end, my one purpose has been not to write an eulogy, but to write justly the truth. No attempt has been made to write this book in story form, it is written in paragraphic form, relative to my life and experiences with the Great Spirit Forces. I am prompted to write this book through inspiration, to give out these facts unto the world; to teach those that are near-sighted, self-centered, and those who are being blindly led by improper influences; the easier and better way of seeking relief for their bodily ailments and troubles. All who read this book have a perfect right to criticise and to question, but, I shall not feel under any obligation to make further reply. Life is too short and too precious to spend it in privately answering persons who "wish to be assured that the writer is none other than a normal person as far as his intellect is concerned, or who cultivate original theories concerning their character or life."

Not a line has been written for the sake of writing it. I must apologise at the outset for the personal reference, which, but for the clearness that it may lend to the statements, I would surely avoid. I am not a writer by

nature; at least this talent has never unfolded itself to me, nor was I aware of its existence, until the unseen ones about me discovered the talent in my soul; which, by touching with their quickening power, they have developed and produced the results here given.

It is the writers earnest wish that the contents of this book will help up-lift those, who, for years, have been laboring under some heavy physical burden.

J. D. M.

# The Guiding Light

## CHAPTER I.

In a white house, "low and small" on a small farm in the Connecticut Valley, twenty miles north of Hartford, Connecticut in the Town of Enfield, I was born on the 11th day of September, 1895. The house was small, without the slightest pretensions to architectural beauty. It was one story and a half in height, the front looking toward the East and separated from the road by a narrow strip of door-yard grass. A low porch was at the South of the house and from the steps of this, a path of well-trodden soil led to a cool unfailing well of water. A few yards distant, close to the wall on the South side and almost pushing its strong thrifty boughs through the little attic window, flourished a fruitful apple tree. Beyond the door-yard, and sloping toward the Southeast, lay a small garden with its single row of small peach trees, dividing its length; and beds of vegetables laid close on either side. A little in the rear of the dwelling, stood the ample weather-beaten barn, the busy haunt of the restless swallows and sparrows. A number of stately and symmetrical pines which had been kindly spared from the forest when the clearing for the house was made, grew just across the drive-way and in the summer, threw their thick cool shadows over the road, making a grateful shade for the tired traveler.

In such a home I was born, the first child of William Miller and Elizabeth MacDougall, his wife. My father

was an agricultural worker from childhood. Early poverty and the hard exigencies of life had left him no time nor facilities for acquiring anything more than the mere rudiments of a common school education; and the consciousness of his want of culture and an invincible diffidence born with him, gave him a retiring manner and a want of confidence in his own judgment, which was inherited to a large measure, by his offspring "myself." My mother is brown-eyed and beautiful. My mother is a woman of superior intellect and of good, well-ordered life. To me she stands apart from all others, purer, sweeter, doing more, and living better than any other woman. She was the wonder of my childhood and the comfort and guiding inspiration of my maturity. How she did so much work and yet did it well; how she reared carefully and governed wisely so large a family of children and yet found time to develop by thought and reading, a mind of unusual strength and clearness is still a mystery to me. An exemplary housewife, a wise and kind mother, she left no duty unfulfilled, yet she found time often at night after every other member of the household was asleep, by reading to keep herself informed of all the issues of the day. When we remember that the woman who kept herself informed of all the issues of the day, is the mother of eight children, a housewife who performed the labor of her large household with her own hands; that she lived in a rural neighborhood wherein personal and family topic were the supreme subjects of discussion, aloof from the larger interests and busy thoroughfares of men, we can form a juster estimate of the superiority of her natural powers and the native breadth of her mind and heart. Such

are my father and mother, Elizabeth and William Miller.

From my father, I inherited the retiring temperament, and from my mother, I inherited my interest in public affairs, my passion for justice, my devotion to truth and duty as I saw it, my clear perceptions and conceptions, and sturdy common sense. Blended with my personal love for my father and mother, is the ingenuous pride and delight in my ancestry.

At birth, I was a perfect specimen of babyhood, not a deformity, not a disproportioned limb, nor a blemish of any kind, weighing seven and one-fourth pounds at birth. I was also endowed with all the stamina and vitality that my mother could bestow upon her first born. Thus I entered this great mortal world to fight the great battle of Life. After my birth, I thrived splendidly until I was about two years old, at which time I was as physically fit and perfect as any child could be. When about the age of two years, I contracted a severe cold, which settled in my bronchial tubes. A medical doctor was consulted and after an examination, informed my mother that it was nothing serious, and left some medicine, as was the usual procedure. (Medicine, when properly symbolized, is narcotic in varying degrees of strength.) My mother followed this medical Doctor's orders faithfully, administering the medicine to me. After several doses of medicine, a little relief was secured, and so my condition continued for several days with no marked improvement. The medical Doctor was consulted again; this time he changed the medicine, which was administered as per directions. After a period of time, I was able to be up, although very weak and it



was about this time that my mother discovered a slight wheezing every time I took a breath but she thought it was just the after effects of the cold. This was in the latter part of November 1897. As time went on, the wheezing increased. I was taking medicine practically all the time, its effects and relief were only temporary. Under the constant strain of hard breathing and the sickening effect of the medicine, I declined into what is known as a delicate condition. My mother took extra precaution against colds and dampness, but it seemed to be of no avail, and so my condition continued delicate; sick part of the time, and fairly well part of the time.

My story takes me up to the time I was about eight years old. I was not able to start into school at the regular school age, which is about six years of age. By this time, due to the combined effort of hard breathing, coughing and medicine, I was gradually becoming deformed. I was becoming barrel chested, (better known as chicken breasted), my spine was becoming distorted, curved; my legs, arms and face were abnormally long and as I look back, it was quite a transformation from a perfect baby into deformed boyhood.

The above statements were dictated to me by my mother, I, being too young to comprehend the happenings in my life up to the age of eight. Now, dear readers, I will give you the rest of my experiences as I remember them, starting at the age of eight years. This may sound to you as being rather a young age to conceive and remember the experiences, but, having been sick so much, and forced into older company, I was older in ways than my years indicated.



I was denied boyhood romps and games, due to my physical condition. Up to this time, I had been unable to attend school, so at the age of eight years, I started into grammar school. The school-house in which I gained the rudiments of my education was located a distance of almost a mile from my home. This distance was always walked, as there were then no modern means of transportation. The plain two story brick building is still standing, and is still used for school purposes. I was backward, bashful and a weakling; I was twitted by other children in the class-room and out. This, of course, had a tendency to make my path harder, but I studied and learned what I could. The teachers were not very considerate and the consequence was I didn't learn very rapidly. Of course, I had my sick spells of hard breathing and wheezing, although I was taking medicine practically all the time. I was obliged to attend and stay out of school intermittently during the school season. In all, I managed to attend school, when totaled up was about two months of the school season and when I was able to go I was obliged to trail along after my class, skipping a large portion of the studies, much in the same manner as a lame chicken follows a healthy flock at feeding time. And so I continued until I reached the age of twelve years, at which time my parents decided that I should not attend school any longer, due to my physical condition. By the time I left, I was able to read, write and figure elementary work fairly well. My parents thought that by taking me out of school, it would give my nerves a rest and perhaps build up my system. About this time, we moved on to another farm, which was located on high

and dry ground. We were advised to do this by a medical Doctor, who said he thought I would improve when located on higher ground: but such was not the case. The so-called asthmatic attacks came and went intermittently as before, but now the attacks had a tendency to become more prolonged. I tried to work some, on the farm, but could not accomplish anything to speak of.

My parents were advised by our family physician to have me vaccinated. The physician said it would, when I had it done, give me relief and would also help build up my physical strength. Well, I was vaccinated, but the promised relief did not appear, nor did I get any stronger, though in addition to the regular suffering, I had to endure the sickly effect of the toxin. I never knew the time, when I felt light-hearted. I was always depressed by the physical burden which I had to bear.

At the age of fifteen, I decided to try raising poultry. I succeeded fairly well, having hatched and raised six hundred chickens; hatched and raised them with the aid of incubators and artificial mothers, until they were about nine month's old. (When I wasn't able to take care of them, my mother assumed the duty). When they were about nine months old, ill luck befell me. A dog killed over one hundred full grown chickens, belonging to me. I became so discouraged and sick that I sold the remaining five hundred, and with the proceeds decided to try the salt air for a change to see if it would be a benefit to me. So, in the spring of 1911, I went to New Haven, Connecticut, which is located practically on the Long Island Sound, about sixty miles from my home. The first two weeks, I was there, I did not notice much improvement in my condition. Then my system

gradually began to respond to the clear salt air. I secured a position as dock-clerk on one of the docks there, so as to be as near the salt water as possible. I improved wonderfully, put on weight, had better color and a splendid appetite. The hard breathing and wheezing had practically disappeared. I thought I had found a cure at last. I worked there all summer, grew fat, but still remained in a deformed condition.

It was during this summer that I became somewhat interested in mediums and spiritualism. I had a sitting (my first) with one of New Haven's leading mediums. I was startled and surprised at some of the revelations in regard to my physical self, but I treated the facts lightly, practically scoffed at them. I thought most of it was fraud and humbug and that it must be some outside spiritual agency: that it was Satan (so called) or his emissaries. I was also very much afraid of it. Even though I did not believe there was a hell hereafter, I could not bring myself to realize that the messages were from spirits of the other and higher plane. I had always had faith that there was celestial life hereafter, but never gave a thought as to how our spirit friends were to communicate with this plane. I never took into consideration that there was an intermediate person whose mind was tuned to the proper vibration, so as to attract and act as an instrument for our spirit friends, when they wished to communicate with us.

I was advised to have my adenoids removed. I was, at the time, undergoing treatments for my nose and throat which consisted mainly of forcing an instrument up my nose in an effort to open up the nasal system which the physician claimed was closed. I submitted to these

treatments for almost one year without results. Well, I had my adenoids removed by a noted eye, ear and nose specialist of New Haven, Connecticut, and I will say to all who have been advised to have their adenoids removed to look into and investigate the matter thoroughly. Perhaps some of you do not know how the adenoids function. I am not quoting anything from medical hearsay, but from my own personal experience. The adenoids act as a strainer for the bronchial tubes, and the lungs. When inhaling cold air, such as we have in the winter time, they act as an air warmer, that is, when you inhale, they sift out all the little particles of dust, and also takes the chill off the air before it (the air) reaches the bronchial tubes. That is the effect when you have them. Now, when you have had them removed, all those little particles of dust go right into the bronchial tubes and when you breathe in the cold air, it goes straight to the tubes before it is warmed. You can see by using your own common sense, what a strain and irritation it places upon the bronchial tubes when the adenoids are removed. This I know to be a positive fact. Also, after you have had your adenoids removed, you have practically no control over the nasal system. I have seen the time that I have been obliged to use four or five handkerchiefs in the short space of five hours. You have absolutely no control over the nasal discharge, after you have had your adenoids removed.

I thought I was getting along well enough then, so I did not pay any attention to the advice given me by the spirit forces through the medium. Summer wore on into autumn and in the latter part of November, I

felt the old condition coming back, but I tried to make myself believe it wasn't so. But in the early part of December 1911, I was all in, and came back home. I suffered all that winter, and most of the summer of 1912. I got some better along toward the fall of that year. My parents at various times, had sittings with different mediums in regard to my health as well as other things, and on one occasion one of the mediums gave my mother some herbs compounded by her guides, but as I had no faith in the mediums at that time, I did not, nor would not follow out directions as given. So consequently the herbs did no good, and the conditions remained somewhat the same, the attacks came and went.

I don't like to think how much I was robbed of in this world by just the conditions of my life; how much better work I should have done but couldn't, due to poor health; how much more success I might have won if I had been given a better opportunity in my youth. But for the first eighteen years of my life, it seemed as if there was actually nothing in my existence but suffering. My father always worked; my mother's work was never done; the whole family struggle was just for the right to live free from the curse of debt, of which my sickness was the cause. I hungered and thirsted for knowledge, but there were but few books on our family bookshelf, not a Public Library within reach. There was plenty of time to study but there was no chance to learn, as I was not in possession of the proper books. As you can see it has been a long and discouraging struggle both for my parents and myself. On more than one occasion, I was obsessed with a spell of melancholy which had a tendency to weaken and deteriorate my mental facilities.



In the Spring of 1915 I answered a Correspondence School advertisement and in due time enrolled in one of their courses. I studied faithfully at home, as there was not much else that I could do. I progressed rapidly in my studies through that summer and fall. About this time my mind had matured into such a state that I often wondered what would become of me if I was left alone in the world. I had made up my mind to learn a trade some day if I could find an employer who would be lenient enough to hire and keep me during the time I was experiencing asthmatic (so-called) attacks, which, by the way now occurred about every ten or twelve weeks. I had about this time, made up my mind as to what trade I would learn. In the month of May 1916, there was an opening in the line of work I had made up my mind to follow. So I made the most of it and secured the position as apprentice. I had to explain to the manager my short-comings and he agreed to hold my position for me if I should experience an attack. I was sick several times during the time I was serving my apprenticeship, which stretched over a period of two years.

On one occasion during the time I was serving my apprenticeship, I suffered a lapse of memory. It was a very peculiar sensation. It happened on one afternoon. I left my home to do some shopping for myself. When I reached my destination the first errand I had to do was to purchase some stationery. I entered the stationery store and proceeded to the counter where the paper was on sale. I remembered picking out the kind of paper I wanted and paying for it and that was all I remembered until I came to my senses some time later.

During the time my mind was blank, I had made my way out of the stationery store and walked as near as I can reckon, four blocks. When I came to, I found myself on a side street, standing on the curb-stone. I did not know the day of the week, the time or what I came after. My first thought was to get home as soon as possible to get straightened out. This I accomplished without further trouble. It was a terrible sensation! This lapse of memory was due to the effects of a certain medicine which a Medical Doctor had given me for a tonic. You can readily see for yourself that I had some experience while taking medicine.

During the time I was serving my apprenticeship, I had several sittings with a medium during which the Spirit Guides, working through her instrumentality, acquainted me with many facts, relative to my work and also my health which, afterward, came to pass, and while I did not place much confidence in her recommendation in regard to my health, I began to realize that if some of the things which she had told me came to pass, there must be something in the talk she gave me in regard to my health while she was under influence. Of course, after each sitting I acquainted my mother with all the details of the reading, and mother would often say, "Why don't you give some of Mrs. H.'s (medium) prescriptions a trial?" But I was headstrong, and kept on with the Medical Doctor's medicine.

The only relief I could get when I had the hard spasmodic breathing spells (and that was only temporary), was secured by inhaling the fumes produced by burning Doctor R. Schiffman's German Asthma and Bronchial Powder, better known today as Schiffman's

Asthmador. I have used this powder for inhalations ever since I was five years old. It was the only little bit of salvation I could get when I had the severe breathing spasms. Asthmador, in itself, is nothing more than a combination of Nature's products. Properly compounded, it consists essentially of salt-peter and herbs, including the leaves of the well known mullen plant, which you have often seen growing in pastures out in the rural districts.

I learned my trade in two years, finishing it in the Spring of 1918. I had also kept studying the home course I had taken from the Correspondence Schools. I secured a position as a full fledged tradesman at which I worked until the early part of December 1918, when I contracted the dreaded disease of Influenza. There was very few disease epidemics that I escaped. Shortly after contracting the Influenza, I was confined to my bed. My condition grew rapidly worse. My parents called in several Medical Doctors, during the early stage of my sickness. The prescribed medicine was administered as per directions. I suffered an intense fever and had a frightful time in general; but by the latter part of December 1918, I had passed the crisis and was able to sit up part of the time. By this time, the fever condition had passed, but it left me in a very weak condition which was accompanied by hard breathing, which became spasmodic at times. In addition to the Medical Doctors' medicine, I tried all kinds of patent medicine, but I could not gain a particle of strength. Of course I was discouraged. My parents were in despair. The Medical Doctors, with all their so-called science and methods could not bring me out of the condition.



I was practically a hopeless case. I gradually became so weak that in addition to the strong (drugs) medicine administered, I was gradually losing the use of my limbs. I got into such a condition that every so-called asthmatic spasm I had, my parents thought it would be my last; but I had *faith* in what, "I did not know." I knew that the Medical Doctors had reached the end of the rope, as far as my case was concerned. My parents did not know where to turn to get relief for me. Through physical suffering almost beyond precedent; through days and nights and years of almost hopeless illness, yet I clung to this life, not through any lack of faith or fear in the other and higher plane, but because it seemed to me that I had not yet exhausted the possibilities and the fullness of this life. And so my condition continued until the 14th of January 1919.

The following is a citation of the human body; what it is in a sense, composed of, and how it should be cared for and developed in order to be able to enjoy perfect health. The following will no doubt, make you realize how blindly the writer was led along on the wrong path in his endeavor to procure a healthy condition. Nature is the only doctor, but some do not realize it until too late, while others abuse it.

Our bodies are composed of cellular tissue. The cells have a life of their own. They are born, function, grow old and cease to exist. The health and youth of the body depends on the vitality of the cellular tissue throughout the organism, and this is mainly auxiliary to proper nutrition and moderate and symmetrical exercise, the cells become decrepit and the organism becomes torpid and prematurely aged. The latter was

my condition for a period of years. By over exercise, the changes in the cellular tissues are abnormally rapid and the over-taxed parts are disproportionately developed, (in the writers case, it was his chest that was, in a sense, over developed), at the expense of the vital functions. All wisely devised methods of bodily culture will aim to strengthen the interior vital parts of the organism rather than the superficial muscles. You will not doubt, by using your common sense, see that Medical Doctor's medicine will never be able to accomplish that which Nature can accomplish, or accomplish the above effect. A full use of the lungs habitually cultivated by deep and regular breathing, an active circulation of the blood through all the organs by means of which the vital functions of the body are performed. There should be regularity in the hours of sleep and the periods of rest. Healthy and normal activity of the vital functions rather than the development of inordinate muscular power should be our aim.

As a summary, the real cause of all this suffering, which I have found out now, with the aid of the Spirit Forces, as you read on, will be unfolded to you. The following point is what I want to bring out. The point is, that while the doctor treated me for a so-called disease, they were giving the underlying weakness, in my case, a chance to become firmly seeded in my system. That is, while I was taking the medicine prescribed by the Doctors which had the effect of deadening and weakening the nerves and tissues of my body, the dreaded so-called asthma, which, in reality, is nothing more than a physical weakness, was getting a deadly grip on my system, settling principally in my bronchial tubes. The

medicine instead of killing the supposed disease germ, was simply feeding it, giving it all the chance in the world to thrive, which it did.

Friend reader, I have written my physical experiences in detail, to give you an idea how near I was crossing the border line. My reason for doing this is to point out to you, one of the many ways which Christ, as a power, has in bringing and teaching you to see and do things in the right way. Later on in this book, you will see, as I do now, that the methods used were only to teach me the right from the wrong way. By that I mean to teach, that if we only would place faith in him (the Great Power), our paths on the earth plane would be made much easier, both intellectually and physically.

## CHAPTER II.

On the 14th of January 1919, my mother and I decided to try and get relief from a new quarter for me. My mother went practically as the last resort and had a sitting with a medium, Mrs. Anna Houghton, of Springfield, Massachusetts.

Mrs. Anna Houghton, as a woman, possesses a personality far above the average person. To my mind, her personality is surpassed by only one person and that is my darling mother. Mrs. Houghton is a woman, endowed with Christ's principles, always aiming to uplift and inspire those who are in trouble and those who have become dejected through the lack of understanding. Her motto is, "Look up and not down, go forward and not backward and give those who are weak a helping hand." As a Spiritualist Medium, Mrs. Houghton is superb; her intellect and broad-mind is one that is rarely in possession of the human body. She, in a sense, is a ministering angel here among mankind to those who have faith in the higher ideals of life. Her uplifting personality is, in a sense, a tonic for all those who talk with her, both when she is under the Spiritual influence and when she is not. She is so gentle, so kind, uplifting and yet forceful in her manner, words fail to express the fine woman which she is.

As I look back now, it was more the Spiritual Guidance that sent my mother to see her, than our own initiative. When the Spirit Forces took control of and worked through this medium, they (I say "they" for

there were more than one influence) described my case identically as it was. They informed my mother that if I followed their instructions closely and placed faith in them, I would be up and around in a short time. I will give you, friend readers, the exact formulas and directions which they (the Spirit Forces) gave my mother for preparation and administration in my case. The formulas are printed herewith and calling for the following herbs: One-half ounce of Yellow Dock, One ounce of Spikenard Root, one ounce of Red Clover Blossoms, one ounce of Buchu Leaves and one ounce of Thoroughwort. The above was to be mixed together, dry, and then steeped in one quart of cold water for several hours; then put over a fire and brought to a slow boil, which was continued for one hour, after which the herbs were taken from the fire and cooled. When cool enough to handle, strain through a cheese cloth, and to the remaining liquid was added three ounces of French Brandy which acted as a preservative. Then it was bottled and corked tightly. The directions were, two teaspoonfuls four times a day.

The above is the internal preparation, and the following, for external application. The Spirit Guide also instructed my mother at this sitting, to procure two of P. D. Ordway's double strength, strengthening plasters for application on my back and chest; also a Spice Liniment was prescribed to be mixed and applied as follows;

To one-half pint of Medicated Alcohol, add one teaspoon each, of Ground Cinnamon, Ground Cloves, Ground Nutmeg; the same to be thoroughly mixed. To apply the plasters and Spice Liniment the following

procedure was followed: My chest and back was sponged with warm water, then the Spice Liniment was applied, rubbing it in thoroughly with a piece of cotton. Then the plasters were heated enough to soften the adhesive and one was placed on my chest, and the other on my back. These plasters were to remain on three days and then changed for a new set. Now, the purpose of taking the herbs internally and applying the Spice Liniment and plasters on my back and chest was to accomplish this:- The herbs were to drive out and cleanse the system internally, of the poisons which had created therein and left by the effects of Medical Doctors' medicine, while the Spice Liniment opened the pores, which were rendered unhealthy by the same poisons, and the plasters were to draw out the inflammation, poisons and also strengthen the motor nerves and tissues of my back and chest.

The Spirit Forces informed my mother that I was in such a condition and had such a small amount of blood that when the blood started out on its rounds of nourishing the body, it was practically normal in its consistency, but it gradually became thinner and weaker, so that when it reached the heart for to be re-pumped through the system, its consistency was like that of water. That was how they conceived it.

This practically concluded the first medical sitting on my case with my mother acting as an intermediate person this time. The Spirit Guide, at the conclusion of this sitting, instructed my mother to return for additional advise in about two weeks time from that date. The instructions were carried out to the letter. The foremost thought in my mind as well as that in the



minds of my parents, was the great word RELIEF. I will say that here on this day, was the start of my rejuvenation.

At the end of the third day for the first set of plasters, I had the pleasure of having them forcibly removed. Perhaps some of you readers have had the same experience. If so, you have my sympathy. After the plasters were removed, you could see where they had drawn out some of the poisons, for on my back and chest were patches of matter, as were the removed plasters, and I will say the suffering was acute. A fresh set of plasters were applied, and I still continued taking the herbs. This was kept up for the two weeks, and it may surprise some of you, as it did me, to say, there was a very slight improvement for the better. I was able to sit up in a chair, and I will take the liberty here in stating that my faith became stronger than ever in the Spirit Unseen Forces. At the end of the two weeks my mother had another sitting with the medium, Mrs. A. Houghton for further instructions. When the Forces had taken control, they informed my mother that I was coming along alright, but slow. They said that my blood condition was gradually improving, which accounted for the slight improvement shown, and I was to keep on with the herbs for two weeks longer and with the plasters until they would not stay on any longer. By that they meant until they would not adhere to the flesh any longer. The reason for stating the above in this way meant that when all the poisons and inflammation were drawn out externally from the system, they would not stay on any longer, as they had done the work designed for them. They also informed my mother

that I would be able to come for next sitting, but my mother couldn't see how that would be possible; but it was. This concluded the sitting.

I continued as per directions and in the third week from the start of this peculiar treatment, the plasters did come off of their own accord. I put on a new set of plasters and they would stay on three hours. The mattered places on my chest and back disappeared. It was almost unbelievable, but a fact. At the end of the fourth week from the start, I was able to go for a sitting myself personally, as was predicted; although terribly wobbly weak on my legs, I managed to make it allright. This was on the 14th of February 1919. A marvelous though slight improvement in this short space of time. At this sitting, after the Spirit Forces had informed me that my system had been gradually cleaned and was slowly, but surely improving, but what I needed mostly now was rich blood to strengthen the system, and so I was given instructions to prepare a blood-maker and tonic which consisted mainly of Nature's own Products. The tonic formula was as follows: Six good sized blood beets; one cup of brown sugar and two large cups of cold water. In preparing the beets, they were not to be scraped or peeled. Simply wash the dirt off, then grind them in a meat-chopper into fine pulp; then the sugar and the water were added and mixed thoroughly in a granite dish and covered tightly; then they were placed in the oven and baked for three hours. They were then taken out and cooled gradually. When cool enough to handle, strain through a cheese cloth and to the liquid three ounces of French Brandy was added, then bottled and corked tightly. The directions for tak-



ing were, one-half a wine glass four times a day. This concluded this sitting, and I was to continue taking this tonic for four weeks, at which time I was to return for further instructions.

The herbs were stopped, as I started taking this tonic, their work, in my case having been accomplished. One compounding of the above formula lasted me five days, at the end of which, more was to be made. I followed out the directions very diligently, but my condition did not seem to improve any, nor did I slip back any. I remained seemingly at a standstill for three weeks. Experience has taught me, that Nature is slow but sure in its strides. As my system became cleansed, all the nerves that had been deadened for so long by narcotics, seemed to come to life. My teeth ached so that I had to have some of them extractd.

At the end of the fourth week, there was some improvements in one way, and in other ways there wasn't. The most noticeable feature at this time was my increase of appetite. I wanted to eat almost everything, and my mother was only too willing to get everything I wanted. In fact, I over-done it. I ate some tomatoes for which I had a great craving, and the results were, I suffered a set back. The tomatoes which I ate developed ptomaine poisoning, and I suffered agony for two days, but finally the effects passed off, and with it went some of my recuperated strength. I was obliged to set back the date of my next sitting from the fourth to the sixth week from the time I started with the beet tonic, or about ten weeks from the date of the first sitting, which my mother had with Mrs. Houghton. On the 28th of March 1919, I went for my third sitting with the same

medium. This sitting was of longer duration than the one previous and there was some radical change made in my treatments. When the Spirit Forces had taken control, they informed me that conditions were a great deal brighter than I was conscious of. They issued instructions to the effect that I was to continue the beet tonic and as my system was thoroughly cleansed of all poisons and narcotics, I was now able to withstand a more energetic form of Nature's treatments of which there are quite a number. I was instructed to undergo a physical examination conducted by a Naturepath. A man cannot carry the degree of Naturepath, symbols N. D. until he has studied and satisfactorily passed examinations pertaining to Chiropractic adjustments, Osteopathy, Natureopathy, Mechanotherapy and Massage. This N. D. was also a Spiritual Medium in his particular line of work.

The Spirit Guides informed me that after I had taken several treatments I would experience and see a great change in my physical self. (To be frank with you, readers, I thought that was well nigh impossible, even though I had the staunchest faith in the Spirit Forces). I was informed that this Naturepath would strengthen the ligaments, muscles and tissues, which medicine had for so long suppressed, and also that my spine would be straightened and my barrel chest reduced. It was almost too good to be true, but, as I had been through so much, I was determined to give it a trial. So during the sitting I made a note of all the details that were to be carried out. This concluded the sitting. On my way home, I pondered over what I had been told, hoping with the faintest hope that it would come to pass and

turn out as predicted. The treatments were to cost one dollar each, and as my condition had eaten up all the cash my folks had, I was unable to undergo the treatment at that time. So on the morning of April 19, 1919 (Easter Sunday) I went to be examined by this Nature-path, my darling mother having previously made an appointment. It was a morning that I shall never forget. I was obliged to walk about one-eighth of a mile to get to his office. My folks wanted to hire a taxi, but I would not hear to it; so I started out. On the way, I had to climb a slight grade, along side of which was an iron pipe fence. With all the excitement anxiety and anticipation of what I might have to go through sapped considerable of my strength, and I had to take a firm hold on the fence to hold myself up, and keen going, but determination conquers all. I reached the Doctor's office practically all in, but after a short rest I felt better and stronger.

## CHAPTER III.

The Naturepath's name is Doctor Edward L. Benson, and he resides at 346 North Main Street, Springfield, Mass. He is a rather tall man, stocky of build, brown eyes, dark hair, a finished athlete and has a wonderful personality. He is a man possessing superb intelligence and a man who has a personality strong enough to command attention among men. He is a man whose personality is far above that of the average. Doctor Benson, to develop and make the most of the gift which Nature has given him (mediumship) undertook and carried through several courses in as many different colleges, from each one of which he is a graduate. His mediumistic power, together with the theoretical and practical training he received at college, along his chosen line of work, has placed him in a position where he is a master of masters in his chosen profession. His skill at times is uncanny; which the writer knows from experience.

After the short rest he came and said, "Well, Son, what's the trouble?" So I related all my experience up to and including the work of the Spirit Forces. He listened intently and every once in a while, would pull his face into a queer shape. This I found out later was his habit while partially under Spirit control. After I had finished my story, he instructed me to strip, which I did, then he seated me upon a high sort of a table and started to feel the different bones, ligaments and muscles of my body. He was under control, but I was not conscious of it. During the examination he did not have

a word to say, simply examined one bone and then another, and I will take the liberty here to say that he did not use a stethoscope or any other form of tools such as the Medical Doctors have to use. His tools were his bare hands, and the Great Gift (mediumship) which had been bestowed upon him. After he had thoroughly examined me all over, he informed me that my case was a very delicate case to handle; that I was anemic, having very little blood and that was not of the quality that it should be. The distortion of my chest caused by medicine and hard breathing had created spinal curvature of the worst kind. He informed me that my spine was almost a perfect letter "S." He also told me that in time, with perseverance and patience, that he could and would remove the spinal curvature, also reduce the barrel chest effect and straighten my bones in general. He also enlightened me to the fact that the congestion caused by the non-development of the bone structure in my youth, was the direct cause, coupled with the effect of narcotics, of the so-called disease asthma.

He said while under (spirit control) that I did not have or never had the Asthma, so-called, but a general physical weakness. I will tell you, readers, that it was the greatest moment of my life to hear him say I did not have a disease, after having spent all these years in misery, being led blindly by the Medical Doctors, who had extracted every dollar that my parents could get together in an endeavor to bring to me relief. Doctor Benson informed me that he was going to use his own methods which are a combination of Chiropractic, Osteopathy, Mechanotherapy and Massage in the use of which he is very skilful. He said that if he took my

case, he would go at me with the sole purpose of strengthening this weakness which the Medical Doctors had called a disease. I was informed by him that it would take a long time to accomplish the desired effect, as I was such a physical wreck. After he was through diagnosing, he said, "Well, Son, what are you going to do, take the treatments or not?" And the very words I used in answer to him were these: "I want to get well." So that was the beginning of my first treatment and also placed me on the second leg of my journey to good health. The first treatment consisted of chasing what little blood I did have from one part of my body to another part, with the aid of a vibrator. This first treatment was only "baby play" in comparison to what I went through in later treatments. After Doc was through the first treatment I got up from the table affair and I was frightfully dizzy, caused by the stimulation and circulation of the blood, but after a while this effect passed off and after making arrangements for future treatments, of which there was to be three a week, I proceeded home where my anxious parents were waiting. I was so overjoyed that I could hardly conceive of what I had been told. When I reached home, I related in detail to my parents what had been told me. They did not say a great deal. I believe they were a bit skeptical as to how the new plan of treatments would work, but I had all the faith in the world in it. I returned for my next treatment on the day arranged, during which time I suffered until agony due to the tor's hands substituted. I did suffer a great deal of discomfort during the treatment and the next day, I was so lame and sore, I could hardly move. It seemed



as if every bone in my body had been loosened, which, in a sense was actually the case. I continued the Naturepathic treatments for two months or more (the exact date I have forgotten), before I felt any better, during which time I suffered untold agony due to the N. D. loosening up the bone structure. There was not a great difference in the hard breathing. It did not seem to let up much, but I did not get discouraged as I had gained considerable strength and was able to walk more or less. This showed a slight improvement somewhere. I still kept at the beet tonic which was having a tendency to make blood faster with the increased circulation; and so my condition continued for another month, with a gradual tendency toward improvement.

By the first of August 1919, I had improved so much, with the aid of the Naturepathic treatments and the light exercise which included deep breathing, which I was instructed to perform by Doctor Benson, with the idea of expanding the chest and keeping the bone structure limber in preparation for adjustments and to keep the blood circuit open. There instructions I followed diligently with never failing faith in the Greater Power. About the first of August, I was able to do a little spare work at my trade.

I did not over-tax myself, for I did not want to slip back any. In this way the treatments were continued with a slow, but gradual improvement. Up to this time, my body had not reached the required condition where it would stand the Naturepathic adjustments. From the time I had placed myself under the care of Doctor Benson up to August 11, 1919, I gained eight pounds, just in that space of time. So you can imagine

how highly I was elated over the improvement shown. In eight month's time from the start of the Naturepathic treatments, the muscles and tissues had become sufficiently strong for me to stand the spinal adjustments, as worked in the methods of Doctor Benson while under influence. You can see what a slow and hard battle I had fought to reach this far in my fight for complete health.

The Medical Doctor's medicine had worked such havoc with my stomach, that it had practically eaten away the internal lining of the stomach. This I was informed would re-establish itself again if given the proper care, and treatment, which was to give Nature a chance to do its work, and I did give Nature a chance to work. It was a slow and tedious job, but I feel more than amply repaid for the money, time and care, spent in creating a healthy normal stomach. Medicine had created the condition, but medicine did not have power enough invested in it to take away that stomach condition. It was Nature's work and Nature with the proper faith and Spiritual Guidance accomplished it. I will take the liberty to state here before going further, that the Spirit Forces working through and with Doctor Benson were marvelous. It did not seem as if any man living could be gifted, so as to perform the miracles which he performed on me. When he first started adjustment work on my back and chest, it was nothing short of torture, which I suffered. It was a different kind of suffering than that which I had been accustomed to. In describing an adjustment treatment, I am obliged to illustrate one step by step:

First, I had to strip to the waist, get upon the adjust-



ment table and sit in an upright position while Doctor Benson massaged the back of my neck from the shoulders up to the roots of the hair. This was to stimulate the circulation and partly take away the dizzy effect experienced later on during the treatment. I had to lay upon the table face downward. He then took several massage strokes with the aid of his hands, the whole length of the spine. This was to insure that the blood circuit was clear; then he started the shifting of the various vertabre one after another and sometimes several at once. The idea for doing this was to take the pressure off the different nerve centers and also give the cartilages, which are small cushion-like substances placed between the vertabre, a chance to gather strength and become strong enough to keep the pressure off the nerve centers. The whole secret of these treatments are to open, strengthen and keep open the various nerve centers, and give Nature a chance to do its work. That is the keynote. After the spine has been thoroughly shaken up, I had to turn on to my back so he could work on my chest, stomach and throat. He would start massaging my stomach first with his hands using a circular motion. After several minutes of this he would leave the stomach and start to work on my chest, first massaging and then applying pressure, using the weight of his body as a leverage. The purpose of this was to broaden or flatten the chest, also create a larger lung cavity, which consequently gave a larger space internally for lung development. It also had a tendency to release the drawing effect upon my spinal column. While going through this, I could feel and hear the bones at the joints snap out of the sockets, and then back again,

which was a painful sensation. You will, no doubt, realize what a delicate proposition it was. Then from my chest he would move his hands up to my neck and massage that thoroughly. Then he would take a small dry towel, fold it twice and lay it upon my chest. He would then take the palm of his hand and slap my chest with considerable force much in the same manner as you would slap a disobedient child, only considerably harder. This is called percussion work and its purpose is to strengthen internally as well as shake up the motor nerves of the system. When he first started this percussion work I could only stand a very light tapping with the hand, but it was gradually increased until I could stand practically the full force of his blows with the palm of his open hand. As I have said after he was through massaging my neck, he would step around the head of the table and with his two hands, would grasp my head and bend my body up much in the same manner as a wooden barrel hoop is bent. The purpose of this move was to stretch the spinal column which had been loosened during the course of the treatment, and this practically concluded the methods used in administering a Naturepathic treatment.

While performing the above operations, Doctor Benson is partially under Spirit control. I state this here to point out what the Spirit Forces, working through the various mediums have done for me. Thus, I kept up the treatments as described above with an occasional variation in certain methods. In addition to an increased amount of light exercise all through the winter of 1919 and 1920, and with the aid of a little spare work, which I was able to do, helped to defray my ex-

penses, besides I was now able to take a little joy out of life, something that I never had been able to do before.

During the very early part of the winter of 1920, I felt so good that I began telling my friends that I thought that I would soon be able to take a permanent position. Some of them sort of laughed and said, "Oh! You can't hold a permanent position. You will be sick again in about a couple of weeks." These insults were rather hard to bear after having made such a fight for my health, with the aid of the Spirit Forces, working through the mediums, but I made up my mind that if an opportunity presented itself, I would accept it and say nothing. Things ran along rather aimlessly for a few weeks and one day our telephone rang and mother answered it, and the call was for me. It was one of my brother co-workers and he informed me that there was a position open in my line of work, and that if I presented myself to the proper authorities, I, no doubt, could secure the position. I availed myself to this information and secured the position. I went to work the latter part of January 1920 and was able to work every day from that time to the early part of June of the same year, at which time, due to the general financial condition of business, the concern I was working for closed out their business and this, of course, forced me out of work, but I did not stay idle long, as a number of my co-workers were taking vacations and consequently I filled their positions, while they were away, and together with other spare work, which I was able to pick up. I managed to earn and save a small sum of money, something I had never been able to do before and never expected to be able to do.

My friends often would say to me, "What are you taking, you are looking so good," and consequently an explanation had to forthcome. Along about the middle of the latter part of the summer, my father met one of the physicians who had formerly doctored me, and he wanted to know how I was getting along, and if I was any better than I was when he gave up my case as hopeless, and you can rest assured, the Medical Doctor received a very forceful explanation from my father. I personally have never met any of the Medical Doctors that doctored me so long.

Coming back to the treatments, I continued the treatments for a trifle more than two years during which time, under the careful spiritual and professional guidance of Doctor Benson, my spine gradually lost its letter "S" shape and has assumed a position like that which a normal healthy spinal column occupies. That is straight! My chest has broadened and flattened out so that it has lost its former barrel shape to a large extent. My bronchial tubes has been strengthened to such a degree that I am immune from the hard breathing which formally was so distressing. My body has developed in proportion. I am now able to play the great National Game of Baseball, something that I have longed to do for years, but never had the strength or vitality to do it. My complexion has lost its pallidness; my eyes have lost the glassy stare caused by the excessive amount of medicine I had taken. I have today a healthier looking complexion; my body is healthy throughout; my eyes has the lustre belonging only to a healthy person; I am today enjoying the health which many people who never have known, a day's sickness,

abuses and sometimes throw away; and all this came about in the short space of two years. It is in my mind a case and a record to be favorably compared with any like case.

## CHAPTER IV.

Just previous to the time that I underwent my first treatment, I was weighed and tipped the scales at seventy-nine pounds and was five feet, four and one-half inches in height, and wore a size thirty-five suit of clothes and today I tip the scales at one hundred and two pounds. I have grown or been stretched out three-quarters of an inch, which makes me five feet, five and one-fourth inches tall and I have broadened out so that I have to wear a size thirty-six suit of clothes. Formerly I had to have a suit fitted to me, due to the rounded condition of my shoulders; but today, I can put on and wear a size thirty-six coat and wear it without any alterations whatsoever. (I herewith quote a saying which I overheard regarding Doctor Benson and myself). One of my friends said to another, "That fellow," (referring to Dr. Benson) "certainly can make them over," (referring to the writer,) which is a fact. I will take the liberty here to state, that I can truthfully say that had not the Spirit Forces been appealed to and consulted and their prescriptions and directions carried out, I would not be on the earth plane today. We all have an awakening sometime in our life, sometimes it does not come until death, so-called, raps at our door; but in my case, the awakening came to our humble home while I was practically upon my death-bed, and the call was heeded and the instructions followed as diligently as mortal man could do it.

I will take the liberty to say that I have had a very



remarkable career, one that no one should envy or one that any one would want to go through. There has been stumbling blocks galore, blocks in the rocky path of life. I have always been more or less of a dependant. I never felt that I could go out into the world or life's pathways unaided, until lately. There were many times that my mortal life was despaired of, but for the help and guidance of the unseen and unheard forces, I would have gone across the border-line. But as it was, my time for the transplantation in the better, higher and more cheerful world had not arrived. At times, my suffering was greatly aggravated by pressure which was brought to bear on our family household, such as worry and anxiety. As I have said, I was a normal baby at the time of my birth, but the grip of circumstance changed it, i.e., it created a weakling so-called, as life went on from infancy into maturity. There is one thing that I am thankful for and that is the unimpaired intellect which I possess. It is in a way, miraculous, how it escaped the ravages of medicine. Very few have escaped it, who have been forced to indulge in it as much as I was forced to.

My early life was not all that it should have been, even from the moral standpoint. I was at times, very dejected, over my physical self, which is very bad, even for the healthiest of conditions, let alone the condition which I was laboring under. I have often wondered that my brain did not snap under the abnormal strain, which was imposed upon it, but fortunately I was endowed with a remarkably and goodly amount of intellectual and brain vitality, which has kept me in good stead on more than one occasion. Very few men who have been

through as much, physically, as I have, have ever recuperated their physical health. I can thank my stars that I was awakened to have faith in the Spirit Forces before it was too late. Now that the crisis of my life, as far as my physical health is concerned, is over, I can look out onto the world and smile; smile in a way that I never have been able to before. Now that I have passed from the uncertain strata into the certain and faithful strata, i.e., into a state where I am able to realize and appreciate the fullness and beautifulness of Life, which, before the awakening was but one long tragic, dramatic act, after another. I was, in a way, tied hand and foot with that so-called and much heralded *supposed disease, Asthma*. I felt at times that it was some curse of mankind that had been thrust upon me, but now, I can see that it wasn't. It was simply the sure and sane method which the great power used in awakening the good and the intelligence in me, and that which is in every man. Thus, the writer's case of the so-called disease was held up for exemplification by the Medical Physicians far and near; held up so as to expose how useless it was to even think of over-coming this so-called ailment. But it has been proven to them, as well as to you, that such was not the case. Nature created all ailments for the purpose, and she also created an absolute cure for those same ailments. I am not only thankful for what the Spirit Forces have done for me, but I am also thankful for the opportunity to give this great and noble act of thoughtfulness out onto the world so that they who will may also be benefited by their (the unseen forces) spiritual help and doctrines.

When I began to feel relieved from that terribly hard



breathing, I could have sung out with joy; a joy that would be boundless; a joy that words cannot even in their most eloquent manner, express. There were times, when the skeptics around me were rather doubtful as to my complete recovery, but I had tasted the seed of relief and would not let go. I was so enthused over and with my condition that shortly after the Spirit Forces took my case, I went out and over-taxed my strength so, that I was brought back a little by a slight reminder which was in the form of a cold. But this condition was only a temporary check in my progress, for the complete recuperation of my health. When I started on the road to recovery, I was so enthused, that I told every one I knew and some of them scoffed at the idea, saying when I had turned my back, that it was simply another one of those ten minute cures; but in this statement, they were far from being right. They see and know it now, but they won't acknowledge it. Permit me the liberty of making the following statements: Words, deeds, nor money can never repay those two mediums, Mrs. A. Houghton and Doctor Edward L. Benson, for their wonderful devotion and skilful work on and for me. The only thing that I can do in the way of compensation is to show them every appreciation that I can regardless of whether they accept it or not. They are, to my mind, characters above reproach. The work that has been performed through their instrumentality is so far above that of the average, that it should not be mentioned except in the most select places. Their instrumental facilities are so far in advance of the majority of mediums, that they should be called super-mediums. The influence that they attract is of the

highest intelligence, and if they were not endowed with the higher principles, they would not attract the attention of the higher intelligence. I will herewith quote an old quotation, "Like attracts like."

I will say to all you who have been deceived and mislead, although, it was for a purpose, by the members of the Medical profession, to open your eyes and place faith in the Spirit Forces; they who are close to you, waiting with out-stretched arms to help and guide you, if you will only give them a chance to help you out of your difficulties. Don't think that when the world and everything is the darkest that you are alone for you are not. Turn your thoughts to and on a higher plane and give the loved ones on the other side who are only waiting for the opportunity a chance to lead you out of the darkness into the sunshine. As you know, the Spirit Forces do not advertise. The only way they care to be known is by the work they are able to do among us mortals. When they took me, so as to speak, I was nothing more than a mortal wreck; a wreck caused by my near-sightedness and lack of understanding. They (the Forces) took me and brought me up out of the depths of the physical mire and brought me up out into the pink of condition. When I was down so low in the physical mire, I knew that I would have to have help from another quarter, other than that of the physicians, before I would ever get any relief, and that help was a whole lot nearer to me than I ever thought it was.

So, friend readers, you can see what a wonderful transformation I have under-gone in the short space of two years. Perhaps some of you will say that as long as I keep up taking the treatments, I will feel good,

but when I stop, the old affliction will return, (you know some people have some very pin-head ideas), but such is not the case. After taking the treatments for the two years, I felt so good that I thought I would gradually cease the treatment. This I have done, first by skipping a treatment now and then, only taking one once a week or so, and finally I stopped altogether.

It is now about two months since I under-went a treatment and there are no signs of the old affliction returning. In fact, I am putting on flesh and growing stronger every day. I keep up constantly the light exercises which includes deep breathing, walking several miles a day in addition to some bicycle riding which I am able to do. I will take the liberty here to state that words cannot express my appreciation for the remarkable health which I am enjoying, all of which has been brought about by my awakening to the fact of the Great ministering power which God has invested the Spirit Forces with, and they, in turn, working through the mediumship of mortals to help and uplift those who place unfaltering faith in their doctrines. It has been proven to you in this book that if I hadn't received the help that I did from the Spirit Forces, I would not be on this side of the border today.

Nature is the greatest physician. All we can do or have to do is to give her an opportunity to perform her work. Having been denied the boyhood joys, the games that are enjoyed by all healthy youngsters, being forced into the companionship with grown-ups, I naturally became old-fashioned in my ways, but not in ideas. Later on, I became what is known and often characterized as a "Lone-bird." In my youth, I was shunned by the

healthy ones because of my physical disabilities. Being alone gradually grew on me, for now I make no pals or chums except my dear mother. I have been through so much and been spoken to falsely so often that it is hard for me to place faith in any mortal person. I spend most of my time alone, which, consequently places many peculiar thoughts before me, both of the past and what the future holds in store, during my lonely hours. Lately, I have learned to place great faith in the Great Power, the unseen forces. I have been prompted to write this book through inspiration, which has come to and been given to me, in these hours that I spend alone. The purpose of writing this book is to bring out facts and not fancies which I have actually experienced during my short eventful life. It ought to be a lesson to some of you who are inclined to be bigoted and self-centered. It brings out to you the meaning of the wonderful word FAITH. Faith, not only in what mortal man can do, but in the Great Power and the unseen forces. Faith in the higher power has and will henceforth accomplish every duty assigned it. As we are told, we must walk by faith, and not by sight. We need not be concerned, but that there will always be room for the presence and exercise of faith in the struggle and trials of life, in the spiritual possibilities of life, and the final victory of good over evil.

I do not wish to be misunderstood on some of my statements regarding the Medical Doctors, they are simply playing their part in life's great drama. All that I have written is bona fide facts and experiences.

This simple faith of mine in communion with the Spirit Forces must not be confounded with any mere

modern delusion. I have inherited this belief from my darling mother, but in my youth, I could not conceive or appreciate the phenomena. There has been no moment in my conscious existence when I did not believe in the New Testament Faith; that the dead (so-called) are ministering spirits sent forth of God to the heirs of salvation. In my youth, I could never understand how the ministering forces could minister and I could not conceive of it; but it has all been unfolded to me now. This lack of understanding caused me at times to scoff at mediums and the work of the ministering spirits. In quoting the term spiritualist I will say "now," that I cannot see how anyone who believes in the New Testament and in God the Great Power, can be other than a Spiritualist. One cannot have faith in another and better world and not feel often that its border lies very near to this earth plane. So near, in fact, that our loved ones who have gone thither may come back to us unseen, unheard, to walk as ministering angels by our sides.

Spiritualism is, in a sense, an illumination, leading to clearer appreciation of the spiritual and philosophical value of life.

In some of the above paragraphs, the writer has used the term, "The Great Power." The writer does not wish to be misunderstood in regard to the above term. The Great Power, as common sense will tell you, is Christ. The writer does not conceive Christ as a man immortal, but a power, a Great Supreme Power, one so great that it is infinite and of which every being both mortal and immortal is a unit or part.

For an analysis of the above, we will take the electric



dynamo, the wire, and the incandescent lamps. The dynamo is the power; the wires, the transmission medium; and the incandescent lamps are the units. As one light is burnt out, another takes its place. In other words, the light which is burnt out has done its work, while the new one that replaces it has its work to do, but the dynamo or power keeps on running regardless of these changes. So it is with the human and celestial life. Christ is the Power; we mortals are the lamps, born into this world. We do our work here and then pass on, and as we pass on, a new born life here takes the place, which we as mortals, have vacated. It is rather a crude analogy, but it exemplifies the principle.

Spiritualism is, in a sense, a great light which to all intent, has the purpose of being a beacon for the blind multitude, who are constantly trying to forge ahead, but who are on the wrong path. They have the great and unfortunate tendency of depending upon the earthly power, which, in other words, means, upon men who have in their power, influence and money. This, of course, is not the right way. They are depending upon those who care naught about them. People should learn to look up to and abide by the guidance of the Great Power. But, the mortals of today are traveling so fast that they do not, nor will not, take the time to listen to the teachings that they should. They are obsessed with the idea that they can accomplish everything by their own initiative and intellect. Their personal idea of their power is so great that they defy Christ and his powerful principles, but some mortals think that they actually accomplish the above without the aid of the unseen and unheard guiding hand, but, my! how short-

sighted and narrow-minded they are. It is the writer's opinion that if more people would believe in the great and unseen spirit forces, that their would be less discontentment in the world today, as it would give people a broader view of Life and it would place them on a plane where they would be able to conceive and appreciate things and ideas, and principles more readily. It would broaden their minds so that they would be able to take in a greater scope of knowledge, of the actual affairs. It would give them an understanding, which they have heretofore been unable to grasp and appreciate. It would make life more like a happy dream, in place of the sordid dramatic scene which we experience every day of our earthly existance. It would create a more harmonious surrounding, than we have or enjoy today.

Faith in the Great Power and Spirit Forces is the keynote of success, no matter in what line of work or profession. Without it you can get no where. Some of us actually have this faith, but are not conscious of it; others want to have it, but they go and travel in the wrong direction from that which faith travels. By this I mean, that they who travel in the wrong direction, are those who single out an idol and worship it instead of placing faith in and worshiping the Great Power, CHRIST, immortal himself. Some people believe that to respect Christ, they must go to Church. This, in my opinion is all right; but they do not seem to realize that they can respect Him in their own home by simply entering silence for a short period of time each day. They do not seem to be able to conceive this. They do not seem to realize that it is their own selves, who have the respect, and not the influence which the Church brings



out. The Church is but a congregating point for mortals, and the unseen forces, but the amount of help you receive and the faith you put in the unseen power depends solely upon your own personal individual self.

To take life as the Great Power (Christ) gives it, not as we want it and then make the best of it, is the hard lesson that life puts before the human soul to learn. One's environment may be very disagreeable, but there is a reason for that environment. To become strong, the soul must need to fight something, or overcome something. A great part of the strength of life consists, in the degree which we get into harmony with our appointed environment. I have often said, that the Great Power put me among these scenes, these opportunities, these duties for a purpose.

Christ is neither absent-minded or incompetent. This is the place the Great Power means me to be in; there is no mistake. But there are things in the circumstances of our lives that we can change. There are opportunities that our own efforts may enlarge. We can conquer many of the difficulties that beset our career, and in so conquering, be strong. I believe more and more that there is no impediment that cannot be overcome, no hinderance to usefulness that cannot be removed, if we but put faith in the Power of Christ. If we go through life timidly and ineffectively, the fault is neither with our endowment nor our environment, it is with ourselves. As our own view of life is of necessity; partial, I do not find that we can do better than to put them absolutely in the Great Power's Hands, and look to him for the direction of our life-energy. The Great Power can do great things with our lives if we but give them to him in sincerity.

He can make them useful. The Great Power never wastes anything, never forgets anything, or never loses anything. Though he holds the destinies of the World in the hollow of his hand, he will remember us and the part we are fitted to play in the eternal drama. Let us lay hold of faith; of what profit it is to use, to gain a firm hold on life, if we hold it, but blindly, without any light on the meaning of our present conditions, or the character of our future destiny. Faith holds the key to the blessedness of the eternal life. Faith opens the gates of happiness and success. Without faith, the gates remain closed. Strong, serene faith in the loving kindness of the Great Power, the guidance of the Great Spirit will enable us to look fearlessly toward the end of the temporal existence and the beginning of the eternal, and will make it possible for us to live our lives effectively.

Friend readers, did this fact ever cross your mind as it has mine; many a time, that thousands of our fellow-men and women are cursed in their very birth, born into this world with the physical and spiritual taint of depraved generations, entailed upon them with neither the power, the intellect or opportunity from the cradle to the border-line (grave) to break the chains of poverty and vice and rise to purity? I believe that the opportunity will come to every being that everyone has a chance, if not in this existence, then in another higher plane.

The key of health is always within our reach, if not always in our complete possession. Some of you are groping blindly for it in the dark, as the writer did for so many years. Some of you are too confidently seeking it by repeating the magical formulas of some cult

of health seekers. Many of you in the bondage of abnormal conditions, both physical and mental, are perhaps in despair of finding health anywhere; but if you could only realize how close this help was at hand! Broaden your minds, health-seekers! Place unfaltering faith in the great and unseen power, and be directed and guided by the Spirit Forces, as I have been. A little advice to those who are in anguish and in despair. The following is a simple way in which to show your faith, and be guided by the unseen forces:—

Go into a room all alone; rest your mind and relax; then ask the great unseen power to lead you out of the darkness, out of the difficulties into the sunshine, and be sure to keep that little word "Faith" ever before you.

To all, it is hoped that this little book may bring a ray of hope and encouragement to those who pursue the quest of health, and a long life, sanely and wisely, along the line which Nature has laid down for our guidance.

Let it be clearly understood that I make no claim to infallibility on matters spiritual. I merely speak of things as I have found them. I am convinced that before each of us there lies a path of eternal progress, and all who will, may tread therein. I am convinced that for all who sin, there is a punishment of a retributive nature, and for all righteousness a sure and fitting reward. And remember, above all things, that I believe these, not because I have been taught to believe as articles of faith, but because I consider I have received and experienced evidence, which compels me to accept them as a matter of fact.

Christ, the Great Power gives us always strength enough and sense enough for everything he wants us to do.

I wish to take the liberty here to apologize for the humble way I have endeavored to put this book together, being deprived of a full grammar school education, which would have enabled me to write and pronounce the large significant words. I have endeavored to write, in a plain matter of fact way; a way that will be understood by any living person of this Universe.

Let the Great Power (Christ) be your Guiding Light.

THE END.

The following is a Poem which was transmitted through the instrumentality of Mrs. Anna Houghton, by a Spirit who's Father, was blind and deaf for years before he passed on to the higher life.

One by one they're gently dropping,  
Like the roses in the Autumn with their golden strodes

Out of this life to the life immortal,  
Just as the forests begin to fade;

But, they are not fading, just gradually blooming,  
Into the life that is only beyond,

T'is only progression that death has created,  
And he enters Heaven with grand resound.

His vision no longer, is dimmed in darkness,  
No longer the dread or fear is near.

His soul new pinioned has soared beyond it,  
His vision and hearing is now made clear.

And methinks I can hear him saying,  
As the new life gradually comes in,

It is sweeter this life hereafter,  
Where nothing the sight can dim.

The winter I dreaded has vanished,  
Bright summer land now is for me,

I can see, I can hear, I am happy,  
Rejoice and be glad that I'm free.

ALICE.

## THE APPENDIX.

I oftentimes think that it seems curious, then it seems strange to me, that just because a human being's ideas about death (so-called) are unique and decided. That individual should seem to be so completely different from his fellows. Some people have an idea that if there is another world, it is radically different than the mortal world. Personally, I don't think of life, that simply goes on, as being so different from the life we are now living, or of the place it goes on in, as being so far away. The eyes of the Spirit may see it, as being more beautiful than it is to us mortals, but I always feel somehow, as if it were likely to be right here.

The really curious aspect of the situation lies in the fact that it is not along in times of illness and suffering and those great crises, where the heart almost stops beating and the whole world is suddenly changed by one's being brought face to face with the fundamental problems of existence that sometimes we should never believe possible, if we had not seen repeated proof of it in our lives.

No man can live without faith, because his relationship with the future is an affair not alone of thought, but also of action. Faith is the first word necessary in every life, if they are to succeed on this mortal sphere. No one can live without faith because the prime requisition in life's worn path is courage and the sustenance of courage, is Faith.

Christ, the Great Power, or what ever you may call



that splendid intelligence, that devised all things, that intelligence has proven to be a marvelous originator and inventor and planner for all possibilities of Nature. I don't see how any one can, in reason, distrust his ability to keep on. I, for my part, am willing to risk it and just expect fine and splendid surprises in the future.















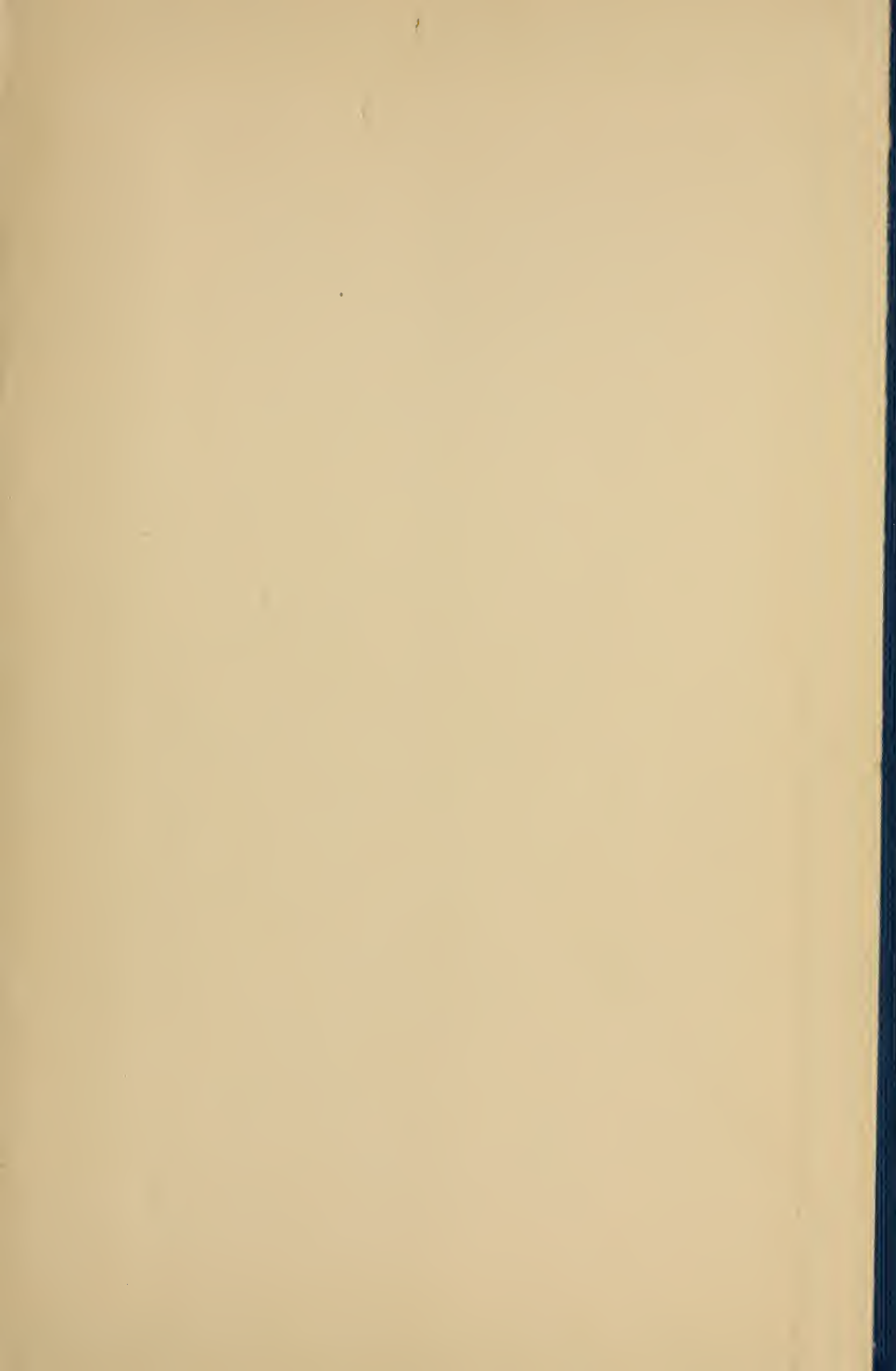




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